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"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #79.

() - () 11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.D.S.T. AUGUST 24, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers " --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Our National Forests have been set aside to protect and maintain in a permanently productive and useful condition lands which will yield timber and other forest benefits, such as forage for livestock, and water for irrigation, domestic use, and power. Years ago, these areas were known as "forest reserves," but in 1907, they were re-christened "national forests," to indicate that the forests and their resources were not to be reserved or locked up, but were to be administered for continuous wise use of the people of the United States.

Each week at this time, we have a glimpse of the interesting and varied work of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers. We take you now to the Pine Cone National Forest District, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, make their headquarters. Here we are —

DOLL STREET

BESS: (COMING UP) Oh, Jim - where's Jerry?

JIM: Down at the post office, I guess.

BESS: Oh. -- You look kind of tired, Jim.

JIM: Well - the old chair feels pretty good at that.

BESS: Supper will be ready soon. -- Oh, here's Jerry now.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (COMING UP) Hey, Jim --

JIM: Yeah? What's the excitement, Jerry?

JERRY: I was just down to the Post Office and a fellow

came in and said there was a wild man running

around in our forest.

JIM: A wild man, eh?

JERRY: Yeah, - he said --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) Did you say a wild man, Jerry?

JERRY: Yes, Mrs. Robbins, that's what this fellow said.

He said he was just talking to a camper up at the

Forks, that'd got a glimpse of him. He said he

saw him dodging around among the trees, half naked,

- and letting out yells that'd make your blood run

cold.

BESS: My heavens! - Jim, do you suppose it really could

be a wild man?!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Maybe it's Tarzan of the Apes.

BESS: Oh, Jim, you're hopeless! It might be some dangerous

person at large in our forest, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Might be.

(PHONE RINGS)

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JERRY:

JIM:

There's the phone, Jim. Want me to get it?

I'll get 'er. -- (ANSWERING PHONE) Pine Cone

Ranger Station, Jim Robbins speaking. -- Huh,

what's the matter? -- Wild man, eh? -- I see. -
Uh huh. -- Yes -- Wait a minute, not so fast. -- Big

fellow, eh? -- I see. -- Yes. -- Hmmmm -- What's

that? -- Heavily armed, eh? -- Uh huh. -- Yes sir,

we'll certainly look into it. -- All right. Good

bye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) (TO JERRY) Well -
that corroborates your wild man story, Jerry.

BESS:

Who was that, Jim?

JIM:

Blakeslee, one of our summer home permittees. -Seems like the whole summer home colony is
terror-stricken. They're afraid for any of the
children or women to go outdoors.

BESS:

Isn't that awful?! What on earth could it be?

JERRY:

Did he say he'd seen this wild man, Jim?

JIM:

Yep. He says several of the folks up there have seen him. And all of 'em have been hearing this wild laughing and yelling for the last couple of nights.

BESS:

My heavens. No wonder they re frightened.

JERRY:

What did he say the man looked like?

JIM:

He described him as big and powerful and bloodthirsty-looking - and half naked, like you

said.

JERRY:

Gosh, Jim, do you suppose it really is a wild man?

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JIM: I don't know, Jerry, but I reckon it's something

we'd better look into.

JERRY: I'll say.

BESS: Oh, Jim, can't you wait till tomorrow? You've

had such a hard day.

JIM: Nope, Bess - not with all our people up in the

summer cabins half scared to death. -- We'll grab

a bite to eat before we start, Bess.

BESS: Yes, I'll get something ready right away. --- But

Jim, you'll be careful, won't you?

JIM: Sure. Don't worry, Bess. -- Jerry, call up

Ernie Knight at the Fire Guard Station, will you -

and tell him to meet us at the summer home area.

I want to stop by there and see if we can find out

anything more about this wild man.

JERRY: Sure. - Are you going to get up a crowd to go

after this fellow, Jim?

JIM: Nope. We'd better see if the three of us can't

handle it alone, first. Too many men roaming around

in the forest after dark might get to takin' each

other for wild men.

JERRY: Yeah, that's true.

JIM: Tell Ernie to bring his six-gun along.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: And you'd better get your pistol belt too, Jerry.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: (COMING UP) Hi, Ernie, is that you?

ERNIE: (COMING UP) Yeah. Hi, Jim. Hello, Jerry.

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JERRY:

Howdy, Ernie.

ERNIE:

Say, what's up, Jim? Is it that wild man, they're talking about?

JIM:

Yep. That's it, Ernie.

ERNIE:

Know anything about it, Jim?

JIM:

Can't find out much, Ernie. The folks around here all seem to have the jitters, but I reckon it's not all imagination by any means. I talked with several of 'em that said they'd seen 'im, and their stories check pretty well.

ERNIE:

It sure sounds mysterious, doesn't it?

JIM:

Yep. They say he's well armed. Got knives and guns hung all over 'im.

JERRY:

What's your plan, Jim? What we going to do now?

JIM:

Well, we haven't much to go on, Jerry. S'pose we wait out over here in the bushes a while and see if anything happens.

JERRY:

All right. --

(PAUSE)

JIM:

How's this?

JERRY:

Okay.

(PAUSE)

JERRY:

(HALF WHISPER) Gee, it's dark tonight.

JIM:

Yep.

(PAUSE)

ERNIE:

(HALF WHISPER) Lissen!

JIM:

(HALF WHISPER) What d'you hear, Ernie?

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ERNIE: (HALF WHISPER) I thought I heard something - a

twig snapping or something - over that way.

JERRY: (HALF WHISPER) So did I.

(PAUSE)

(WILD YELL AND CRAZY LAUGHING, WAY OFF)

JERRY: (EXCITED WHISPER) Gosh! Did you hear that?!

JIM: (LOW VOICE) Yep.

ERNIE: (EXCITED WHISPER) That's him all right!

JIM: (LOW VOICE) Yep. That's your wild man all

right. - Come on - it was over this way, wasn't it?

JERRY: Yeah.

(PAUSE)

(WILD YELL, WAY OFF)

JERRY: (LOW VOICE) There he goes again! Gee, it sure

sounds spooky!

ERNIE: Whew! It sure does!

(FOLLOWING IN LOW, TENSE VOICES)

JIM: Which way was that?

JERRY: Further up that way!

JIM: Come on - hurry up. ---

JERRY: Lissen -- lissen -- sounds like he's runnin' up

the trail there.

JIM: That's good. Trail's easier goin' in the dark.

(PAUSE)

ERNIE: Lissen -- That's him - way up the trail. -- Ain't

it?

JERRY: I can't hear anything - now.

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ERNIE: He might be headin' for the old abandoned cabin up

there.

JERRY: Yeah. -- (CALLS, LOW VOICE) Hey Jim - where are

yuh?

JIM: (OFF SOFTLY) Up here, Jerry.

JERRY: Oh - I couldn't see yuh.

ERNIE: Where'd he go, Jim?

JIM: (UP) Must've gone in the cabin.

JERRY: Do you s'pose he heard us, Jim?

JIM: Most likely.

ERNIE: Seemed like he knew he was bein' followed, - the

way he acted - or it acted -or whatever the devil

it is.

JIM: (CHUCKLING SOFTLY) Yep.

ERNIE: I bet it's barricaded itself inside the cabin, Jim.

JIM: Looks that way.

JERRY: What'll we do now? Rush the cabin?

JIM: Not yet, Jerry. It's too dark. -- I reckon

we'd better lay out right here and watch 'er,

till it gets daylight.

ERNIE: Yeah.

JERRY: He sure must be in that cabin, Jim -- If he isn't

we've lost all track of 'em.

JIM: Yeb.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Jim - isn't that the old cabin where they found Joe

the trapper murdered, that time?

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JIM: Yep. Many years ago.

JERRY: Some of the old timers around here say the

cabin's been haunted ever since --

ERNIE: I'd forgot about that! Golly d'yuh s'pose old

Joe the Trapper's ghost is --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I never was much of a hand at

believenin' ghost stories, Ernie.

ERNIE: I know - but whatever this - this wild man is -

it's sure plenty spooky -

(WILD YELL, OFF)

JERRY: Gosh! Didja hear that?!

JIM: That came from inside the cabin -- Our wild man's

in there, all right.

(LUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FOLLOWING CONTINUES IN LOW VOICES)

JERRY: It's getting daylight, Jim.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: 0-oh - Boy, I'm stiff. - Sittin' here on the ground

all the time.

ERNIE: Yeah. Me too.

JIM: Better stretch yourselves and get limbered up. I

reckon it's about time to start moving.

JERRY: How we going to work it, Jim.

JIM: We'll try sneaking up on the cabin - and bust in

suddenly - and see what we can see.

JERRY: All right. I'm right with you, Jim. -- There hasn't

been a sound from the cabin, has there?

JIM: Nope.

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JERRY: It looks - kinda - spooky -

JIM: Yep. -- All set, Jerry?

JERRY: Yes.

JIM: Got your gun cocked?

JERRY: Yes.

JIM: Ernie, you wait here - out of sight - and keep your

eyes and ears open - be ready for action.

ERNIE: All right, Jim.

JIM: Come on, Jerry - quietly, now --

(PAUSE)

JIM: (WHISPER) Ready? - Give the door a quick shove,

and --

(PAUSE)

JERRY: (WHISPER) There's something against the door - it

won't --

JIM: (WHISPER) We'll land on it together -- all right?

-- one -- two -- three!

(CRASH OF DOOR BREAKING IN)

(PAUSE)

JERRY: (EXCITED HALF-WHISPER) Gosh! - Nobody here!

JIM: (HALF WHISPER) Empty, huh? -- Where's our --

JERRY: (EXCITED HALF WHISPER) Look! Under the bunk

there!

JIM: Huh! -- Well! (LAUGHS LOUDLY) So here's our wild

man, eh? -- (RAISING VOICE, CHUCKLING) Come on -

come out of there, fellah.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) He sure don't look very wild.

JIM: Nope. -- Come on, fellah. Nobody's going to hurt you.

JERRY: Looks like he's scared to death.

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JIM: Come on - what's the matter, old man?

(WILD MAN NUMBLES UNINTELLIGIBLY)

JIM: He's out of his head all right, but I reckon he

isn't very dangerous. -- Call Ernie and tell 'im

the battle's over, Jerry.

JERRY: (CALLS, SLIGHTLY OFF) Ernie - hey Ernie -

come on, it's okay --

ERNIE: (OFF) All right.

JERRY: I thought they said he was big and powerful-looking.

This poor fellow looks like he's half-starved.

JIM: I reckon he is. (WILD MAN WHINES AND MUMBLES)

That's all right, old man. We're not going to

hurt you. -- Come on -- that's the way -- Jerry

(CHUCKLING) s'pose you stop by and tell the

summer people that we've captured their wild man and

we're turning him over to the proper authorities.

(FADEOUT)

100 -- m--- 2 m - 12 m - 12 m - 12 m - 12 m • 0 - 1 00 1 12 (- 1 - m) - 1 ANNOUNCER: Well - our rangers never know what they might be called upon to do next.

I want to read you a letter received just the other day from one of our friends in California. It reads as follows.

"Dear Sir - I would like to report the heroic rescue of a child by one of the Forest Service men, which I witnessed recently. On July seventh our party was picnicking near the mouth of Barrett Canyon.

We noticed two children of about nine and twelve climbing around on a cliff. Suddenly the smaller one started sliding down. We were horror-stricken. Just then a truck came along with a Forest Service man and a Civilian Conservation Corps boy driver. The man jumped out of the truck, slid down a twenty foot bank and reached the foot of the cliff in time to catch the child. His quick thinking and action surely saved her from death or serious injury.

"The child's mother was hysterical. She asked the man his name, but he did not tell her and went on up the canyon. Later we learned that the Forest Service man was superintendent of one of the Emergency Conservation Camps.

"It was a thrilling thing to see. The child fell about twenty-five feet and hit the man with terrific force. She was unhurt but her rescuer must have been bruised.

"This letter is to express my sincere appreciation that such men are in the U. S. Forest Service and in charge of the work of the young Civilian Conservation Corps boys." --

May we thank our correspondent. Had we not received this letter we might not ever have learned of this little act of heroism. Many acts of bravery and unselfish public service on the part of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers never get into the records.

This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service. (is/3:30 P.M. - August 18, 1933)

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